

# The Lomond Press

VOL. 3. NO 21

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, DEC. 27, 1918.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

## LOCALETS

What have we done to Sir Robert Borden and his following that we should have foisted upon us a once-a-week train and mail service? Now, do you suppose the fuel controller gave this service cancellation to the railway company without some strong representations on the part of railway company? We cannot conceive of the honorable fuel controller picking on this little neck of the woods to unload a little bit of vitrol without some outside influence being exerted against us. But then someone must play Santa Claus to the C.P.R.

While the primary object in calling a meeting of the Board of Trade on Monday night, the 30th., is for re-organization, there is one other particular item of business to be dealt with, and that is the train and mail service. On Saturday afternoon a meeting is being held at Enchant of the combined representatives from Lomond, Travers, Enchant and Retlaw for the purpose of sending in a good stiff kick against the train service being reduced.

The Hanna boys spent their Christmas at High River.

Harry Rickett has arrived home from the scene of hostilities and is fraternizing with his old acquaintances, who are anxious to learn of his experiences at the front.

Ed. J. Lowe was down from the Calgary camp a couple of days this week.

The coroner's jury in the Eastway manslaughter trial scored the administration of the Alberta Liquor Act when bringing in their verdict. Alberta is gradually getting sick of the rotten state of affairs and we are soon due for a clean-up.

A case of diphtheria has developed in town, Mrs. Johnson, recently of the Commercial Cafe, being afflicted. The residence near the Pioneer lumber yard is under quarantine.

R. H. Dobson has been lucky enough to strike a twenty-five barrel well of good water at a depth of twenty-eight feet.

Miss Lattimer of High River is spending the Christmas holidays at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Walkey.

Word has been received in town this afternoon that Douglas Carter had died from pneumonia, developing from the influenza. Mr. Carter was widely known in the district south and west of Lomond and his early demise will come as a shock to his numerous friends. Mr. Carter died at the home of his brother-in-law, Wm. McLeod, west of the Valley.

Born, at Calgary, on Monday, Dec. 23rd., to Mr. and Mrs. C.H. St. John, a son. (Dad, immediately upon receipt of the telegram, cranked up his little old Ford and hit the trail for Calgary.)

Thanks to the organization of a number of public spirited ladies the children were all treated to a Christmas Tree and Santa Claus. A short program consisting entirely of juvenile numbers was enjoyed by a fairly large crowd, after which every child was given a real Christmas treat.

The committee desires to state that there was a surplus of \$3.10 and that the amount was turned into the Sunday School treasury.

Jos. Moran dropped into town on Saturday and spent a couple of days with his old time friends.

The attention of our readers is drawn to the notice of the Consolidated School meeting January 4th.

Christmas weather here this year has been exceptionally mild. The prospects for the skating rink have been held up for the lack of frost, but we have every confidence in a come-back that will make us sit up and shovel coal by the conclusion of another week.

Since Dad Cox has gone away to the States for the winter, Ira Donily has started a stage line, running from Lomond to Vulcan and return and extending the route as far as Travers. Geo. Hough is driving and is bring the daily papers.

Mr. and Mrs. Teskey, and Willie, are away to Okotoks and Calgary for the Christmas week.

Mrs. Fred Marshall won the prize at the Kinnondale social last week for the highest priced basket, hers going to a four dollar bid.

T. A. Kennedy, W.A. Macdonald and R. N. Shields are spending their holiday season in Calgary.

J. C. Jensen and Frank came home from B.C. for Christmas.

W. R. Beagle of Armada contracted the flu and pneumonia while visiting at Gleichen some weeks ago, but is now reported on the road to recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. B. King were apprised on Christmas day of the arrival of a new granddaughter, said little lady coming to the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Maakestad at Omeme, N. D., on December 20th.

How does your Dollar stand?

## O. Henry Stories

VI.—Phoebe

By O. HENRY

(Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.)



YOU are a man of many adventures and varied enterprises," I said to Captain Patricio Maloné. "Do you believe that the possible element of good luck or bad luck—if there is such a thing as luck—has influenced your career or persisted for or against you to such an extent that you were forced to attribute results to the operation of the aforesaid good luck or bad luck?"

This question (of almost the dull insolence of legal phraseology) was put while we sat in Rousselin's little red tiled café near Congo square, in New Orleans.

Brown faced, white hatted, finger ringed captain of adventure came often to Rousselin's for the cognac. They came from sea and land and were chary of relating the things they had seen—not because they were more wonderful than the fantasies of the Ananias of print, but because they were so different. And I was a perpetual wedding guest, always striving to cast my buttonhole over the finger of one of these mariners of fortune. This Captain Maloné was a Hiberno-Iberian creole who had gone to and fro in the earth and walked up and down in it. He looked like any other well dressed man of thirty-five whom you might meet except that he was hopelessly weather tanned and wore on his chain an ancient ivory and gold Peruvian charm against evil, which has nothing at all to do with his story.

"My answer to your question," said the captain, smiling, "will be to tell you the story of Bad Luck Kearny. That is, if you don't mind hearing it." My reply was to pound on the table for Rousselin.

"Strolling along Tchoupitoulas street one night," began Captain Maloné, "I noticed, without especially taxing my interest, a small man walking rapidly toward me. He stepped upon a wooden cellar door, crashed through it and disappeared. I rescued him from a heap of soft coal below. He dusted himself briskly, swearing fluently in a mechanical tone, as an underpaid actor recites the gypsy's curse. Gratitude and the dust in his throat seemed to call for fluids to clear them away. His desire for liquidation was expressed so heartily that I went with him to a café down the street, where we had some vile vermouth and biters.

"Looking across that little table I had my first clear sight of Francis Kearny. He was about five feet seven, but as tough as a cypress knee.

His hair was darkest red, his mouth such a mere slit that you wondered how the flood of his words came rushing from it. His eyes were the brightest and lightest blue and the hopefullest that I ever saw. He gave the double impression that he was at bay and that you had better not crowd him further.

"Just in from a gold hunting expedition on the coast of Costa Rica," he explained. "Second mate of a banana steamer told me the natives were panning out enough from the beach sands to buy all the rum, red calico and parlor melodons in the world. The day I got there a syndicate named Incorporated Jones gets a government concession to all minerals from a given point. For a next choice I take coast fever and count green and blue lizards for six weeks in a grass hut. I had to be notified when I was well, for the reptiles were actually there.

"Then I shipped back as third cook on a Norwegian tramp that blew up her boiler two miles below quarantine. I was due to bust through that cellar door here tonight, so I hurried the rest of the way up the river, roustabouting on a lower coast packet that made a landing for every fisherman that wanted a plug of tobacco. And now I'm here for what comes next. And it'll be along, it'll be along," said this queer Mr. Kearny; "it'll be along on the beams of my bright but not very particular star."

"From the first the personality of Kearny charmed me. I saw in him the bold heart, the restless nature and the valiant front against the buffets of fate that make his countrymen such valuable comrades in risk and adventure. And just then I was wanting such men. Moored at a fruit company's pier I had a 500 ton steamer ready to sail the next day with a cargo of sugar, lumber and corrugated iron for a port in well, let us call the country Esperando—it has not been long ago, and the name of Patricio Maloné is still spoken there when its unsettled politics are discussed. Beneath the sugar and iron were packed a thousand repeating rifles. In Aguas Frias, the capital, Don Rafael Valdevia minister of war, Esperando's greatest hearted and most able patriot, awaited my coming. No doubt he would smile of the

those little tropic republics. They make but a faint clamor against the din of great nations' battles. But down there, under all the ridiculous uniforms and petty diplomacy and senseless countermarching and intrigue, are to be found statesmen and patriots. Don Rafael Valdevia was one. His great ambition was to raise Esperando into peace and honest prosperity and the respect of the serious nations. So he waited for my rifles in Aguas Frias. But one would think I am trying to win a recruit in you! No; it was Francis Kearny I wanted. And so I told him, speaking long over our execrable vermouth, breathing the stifling odor from garlic and tarpaulins, which, as you know, is the distinctive flavor of cafés in the lower slant of our city.

"I spoke of the tyrant President Crus and the burdens that his greed and insolent cruelty laid upon the people. And at that Kearny's tears flowed. And then I dried them with a picture of the fat rewards that would be ours

(continued on page five)

## The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.  
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP

LOMOND, ALBERTA, DEC. 27, 1918

### NOTES

In wishing our readers a Happy New Year, we desire to state that it is our intention to make some material changes in the publication of this paper during the coming year, provided, of course, that conditions are such as to warrant the expenditure of the quite considerable amount of money. However, we have had ample assurance that the little sheet is appreciated for this year, in spite of the drouth and scanty crops, the subscription renewals have been far greater than the year previous. Unfortunately, we have made a few enemies, or at least they appear to consider themselves as such. In fact, we have been accused of attempting to run the whole town, but we regret

that our efforts should be misconstrued in this light. A man in charge of even a meagre country newspaper sometimes is forced to assume the "goat-ship" when there are agitations under way for a reform. On certain occasions it is impossible to get by without treading upon a too here and there, but we endeavor to keep the columns free from malice and personal spite. We would like to give you a better paper, and can and will if our readers will extend their whole-hearted co-operation on the collection of topics of mutual interest.

o o o

Nearly every paper you pick up contains the item headed "Europe Cries for Meat." Yet the Winnipeg and Calgary markets would lead one to believe that the supply was far greater than the demand. What is the livestock commissioner for?

o o o

Judging by results, the bootleggers must have enjoyed a fine Christmas trade.

o o o

How does your Dollar stand?

## The Season's Greetings

—Given with the wish that you may ever find  
Happier the days before you than behind.

—

L. H. Phillips

## Farm Implements!

We have a complete stock on hand in the well-known  
"Cockshutt" Line.

Take a look at our Cream Separators.

DELANEY & ARMSTRONG

## The Commercial Cafe!

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Clean, Well-Cooked Meals  
with Generous Servings

YOUR PATRONAGE  
SOLICITED

R. J. COWELL



Best Wishes for a  
Happy and  
Prosperous New Year

The Frank Brown Co.,  
LIMITED



# Dry Goods, Ladies' Ready-to-wear and Shoes



While our stock of Ladies' Winter Coats is now limited in number, the Styles, Materials and Prices are as good as at the first of the season. All Wool English Tweeds of Brown, Grey and a Mixed - Colored Material, also French All-Wool Velour of Nigger Brown, Russian Green and Taupe shades. Sizes 36 to 44 - - Prices \$20.00 to \$48.00

## OVERSHOES AND RUBBERS

Children's overshoes, two-buckle, sizes 7 to 2. Complete range of sizes in ladies' cloth top rubbers—3 to 7. Also ladies' all-rubber, sizes 3 to 7. Our prices are right on all lines.

## SHOE DEPARTMENT

For ladies and children we have a complete stock of shoes. Ladies' high heel in plain or toe cap, different colors, \$5.00 to \$9.50. A shipment of children's make. Stock complete for all ages. All Prices.

## FANCY LINENS

Drawn work tea cloths, Battenburg tea cloths, 45 inches square, \$4.00 to \$5.00. Hand crocheted runners, 45 inches long, price \$3.75. Drawn-work runners, 45 inches long, price \$2.25. We still have a number of stamped linens in stock.



## CORSETS, UNDERWEAR AND PIECE GOODS

"D. & A." Corset in medium bust, plain or brocaded materials, sizes 20 to 34, this line is a back-lace, prices \$2.00 to \$5.50 per pair. "Gossard" Corset in front-lace, this line is a well known corset of comfort and wear, complete range of sizes, 20 to 30, prices \$2.00 to \$5.00 per pair. Underwear combinations, \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$4.50 per suit, two-piece suits, \$1.00 to \$1.50 per garment. Complete stock of dress goods in wools and cottons, also union materials, all prices from 50c. yd. to \$2.50. All millinery clearing at \$3.50

# G. D. SALTER - - Lomond

## FUNERAL OF LATE MRS. HAMMER

The funeral of the late Mrs. Olaf Hammer took place on Saturday afternoon, the interment being made in the Lomond cemetery. Rev. A. T. Bell conducted the funeral services. Deceased's mother, Mrs. Skinn, and sister Mrs. Johnson, both of Newburg, North Dakota, were present at the funeral.

The late Mrs. Hammer has been a resident of Alberta for the past eight years, coming here with her husband in 1910 from North Dakota.

The pallbearers were: Jas. Marshall, J. R. McKay, W. M. Armstrong, Vern Davies, Frank Connolly, Oscar Olson.

## Professional Cards.

W. A. MACDONALD, L. L. B.  
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
Office over Standard Bank, LOMOND.

HERBERT J. MABER  
SOLICITOR AND  
BARRISTER.  
VULCAN - - ALBERTA

Job Printing with a Punch---  
Done by The Press.



## THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA  
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

## TRUST FUNDS

Our Savings Department gives you a guarantee of absolute security and interest at current rate.

## LOMOND BRANCH

C. H. ST. JOHN,

Manager.

## Condensed Advs.

### \$5.00 REWARD

The above reward will be given for the recovery of a dark bay three-year-old mare, branded KB on right hip. -Kassim Sobb, Lomond.

### FOR SALE

Registered Ayrshire Cow, will be fresh in March. This cow is right and the price is right. -F. Newton.

### \$10.00 REWARD

For the recovery of black mare, coming 4 spot in forehead, branded on right shoulder, and her bay colt with prominent white face. [Image of a horse head] W. M. Armstrong, Lomond.

### FIVE DOLLARS REWARD

Strayed from Sec. 5-16-18 on Nov. 27, a dark bay mare, weight about 1400 lbs., branded on the right thigh. Above reward for recovery. Notify C. C. Larson, Box 89, Travers.

## The Lomond Realty Company

H. E. ELVES

Joint Managers

L. M. SWAIN

Representatives of the Oldest and Strongest Life, Fire and Hail Insurance Companies in the Empire.

We have for sale 320 acres of farm land, partly improved, abundant good water, Lomond vicinity, for \$4200.00, with \$1200.00 cash, balance easy terms. This is a Snap!

## A LITTLE FLYER IN FREE TRADE

Since passing of the Order-in-Council last February which placed tractors valued at \$1400 and under on the free list there has been a marked increase in the number of tractors imported into the Dominion. The Order-in-Council which went into effect on February 8, 1918, was to remain in force for one year. For the fiscal year ending March 31st., 1917, Canada imported 2792 tractors from the U. S. From March 31st., 1917, to March 31st., 1918, the number of tractors imported was 5733 valued at \$6,012,343. According to importation records from Feb. 7th., 1918, to Oct. 31st., 1918, a run of seven months, the total number of tractors costing not more than \$1400 was 8684, with a value of \$7,993,916. Now, if these tractors had been imported under the former tariff laws the Canadian farmer would have had to pay at least \$2,171,000 more for these tractors.

Why cannot the same privilege be extended to cover all farm machinery and save to the farmer fabulous sums in duty.

## Annual Meeting

Lomond Consolidated School District, No. 20

The ratepayers of the Lomond Consolidated School District No. 20 are hereby notified that the annual general meeting will be held in the school house on Saturday, January 4th., 1919, at two o'clock p.m.

L. M. SWAIN, Secretary.

## NOTICE

The annual general meeting of the ratepayers of Brunetta School District No. 3032 will be held on Friday, Jan. 10th., at 2 p.m., in the school house.

By Order of The Board.

## Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer,  
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

# WE HAVE THEM

Don't be misled by people telling you that you cannot procure the **Genuine Flavoring Extracts.** We have a large stock of the leading ones in all sizes.

2 oz. Bottles	-	-	.25
4 "	-	-	.50
8 "	-	-	1.00
16 "	-	-	1.75

These are not the 2 per cent. kind, but are the **REAL THING.** Get a bottle the next time you are in town and be convinced.

## Now Open for Business AT TRAVERS

With a Complete Line of Patent Medicines, Stationery and Toilet Accessories.

Next Door to Bank

J. M. MURPHY

## Hughes' Drug Store

LOMOND

ALBERTA

## NO!

We have not raised the price of coal, as rumor may have led you to believe. There is now no waiting for the teams and—

**Coal is Still \$4.50 per Ton**

PRAIRIE COAL COMPANY, LTD.

C. R. WESTGATE,  
Manager.

BOW CITY COAL MINE

PHONE: Bow City.  
P. O.: Eyremore.

## Spend Your Christmas Back Home

Imperial  
Limited  
To Montreal  
\$118.95

Eastern Canada

DOUBLE DAILY TRAIN  
SERVICE, via

C. P. R.

Trans-Canada  
To Toronto  
\$103.70

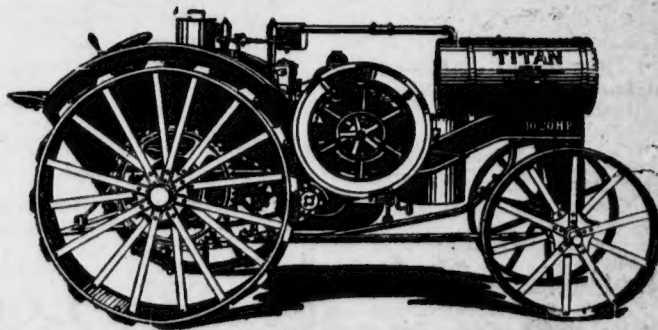
Corresponding Fares to Other Eastern Points. Safe, Comfortable Travel on the World's Greatest Highway. Compartment Observation Cars, Standard and Tourist Sleepers. Excellent Dining Car Service.

Tickets sold during December are good for 60 days. Extensions will be granted by a payment of \$5.00 for each extra fifteen days.

For further information and reservations apply to—

N. T. OWENS, C.P.R. Agent, Lomond.

## Figure Ahead!



Make farming a business proposition pure and simple. If you do this we are confident you will have your eye on cheap mechanical power—in other words, the little Titan tractor. Come in and get a line on the machinery situation for spring.

**Axelson & Williamson**

Lomond, Alberta



when the oppressor should be overthrown and the wise and generous Valdevia in his seat. Then Kearny leaped to his feet and wrung my hand with the strength of a roustabout. He was mine, he said, till the last minion of the hated despot was buried from the highest peaks of the Cordilleras into the sea.

"I paid the score and we went out. Near the door Kearny's elbow overturned an upright glass showcase, smashing it into little bits. I paid the storekeeper the price he asked.

"Come to my hotel for the night," I said to Kearny. "We sail tomorrow at noon."

"He agreed, but on the sidewalk he fell to cursing again in the dull, monotonous, glib way that he had done when I pulled him out of the coal cellar.

"Captain," said he, "before we go any further it's no more than fair to tell you that I'm known from Baffin's bay to Tierra del Fuego as 'Bad Luck' Kearny. And I'm it. Everything I get into goes up in the air except a balloon. Every bet I ever made I lost except when I coppered it. Every boat I ever sailed on sank except the submarines. Everything I was ever interested in went to pieces except a patent bombshell that I invented. Everything I ever took hold of and tried to run I ran into the ground except when I tried to plow. And that's why they call me 'Bad Luck' Kearny. I thought I'd tell you."

"Bad luck," said I, "or what goes by the name, may now and then tangle the affairs of any man. But if it persists beyond the estimate of what we may call the 'averages' there must be a cause for it."

"There is," said Kearny emphatically, "and when we walk another square I will show it to you."

"Surprised, I kept by his side until we came to Canal street and out into the middle of its great width.

"Kearny seized me by an arm and pointed a tragic forefinger at a rather brilliant star that shone steadily about thirty degrees above the horizon.

"That's Saturn," said he, "the star that presides over bad luck and evil and disappointment and nothing doing and trouble. I was born under that star. Every move I make up bobs Saturn and blocks it. He's the hoodoo planet of the heavens. They say he's 73,000 miles in diameter and no solid of body than split pea soup, and he's got as many disreputable and malignant rings as a big city. Now, what kind of a star is that to be born under?"

"I asked Kearny where he had obtained all this astonishing knowledge.

"From Asrath, the great astrologer, of Cleveland, O.," said he. "That man looked at a glass ball and told me my life before I'd taken a chair. He prophesied the date of my birth and death before I'd said a word. And then he cast my horoscope, and the sidereal system socked me in the solar plexus. It was bad luck for Francis Kearny from A to Izard and for his friends that were implicated with him. For that I gave up \$10. This Asrath was sorry, but he respected his profession too much to read the heavens wrong for any man. It was night time, and he took me out on a balcony and gave me a free view of the sky. And he showed me which Saturn was and how to find it in different balconies and longitudes.

"But Saturn wasn't all. He was only the man higher up. He furnishes so much bad luck that they allow him a gang of deputy sparklers to help hand it out. They're circulating and revolving and hanging around the main supply all the time, each one throwing the hoodoo on his particular district.

"You see that ugly little red star about eight inches above and to the right of Saturn?" Kearny asked me. "Well, that's her. That's Phoebe. She's got me in charge. 'By the day of your birth,' says Asrath to me, 'your life is subjected to the influence of Saturn."

By the hour and minute of it you must dwell under the sway and direct authority of Phoebe, the ninth satellite." So said this Asrath. Kearny shook his fist viciously skyward. "Curse her, she's done her work well," said he. "Ever since I was astrologized bad luck has followed me like my shadow, as I told you. And for many years before. Now, captain, I've told you my handicap as a man should. If you're afraid this evil star of mine might cripple your scheme leave me out of it."

"I reassured Kearny as well as I could. I told him that for the time we would banish both astrology and astronomy from our heads. The manifest valor and enthusiasm of the man drew me. Let us see what a little courage and diligence will do against bad luck," I said. "We will sail tomorrow for Esperando."

"Fifty miles down the Mississippi our steamer broke her rudder. We went for a tug to tow us back and lost three days. When we struck the blue water of the gulf all the storm clouds of the Atlantic seemed to have concentrated above us. We thought surely to sweeten those leaping waves with our sugar and to stack our arms and lumber on the floor of the Mexican gulf.

"Kearny did not seek to cast off one iota of the burden of our danger from the shoulders of his fatal horoscope. He weathered every storm on deck, smoking a black pipe, to keep which alight rain and sea water seemed but as oil. And he shook his fist at the black clouds behind which his baleful star winked its unseen eye. When the skies cleared one evening he reviled his malignant guardian with grim humor.

"On watch, aren't you, you red headed vixen? Out making it hot for little Francis Kearny and his friends, according to Hoyle. Twinkle, twinkle, little devil! You're a lady, aren't you—dogging a man with bad luck just because he happened to be born while



"Get busy, you one-eyed banshee!"

your boss was floorwalker. Get busy and sink the ship, you one-eyed banshee! Phoebe! I'm Sounds as mild as a milkmaid. You can't judge a woman by her name. Why couldn't I have had a man star? I can't make the remarks to Phoebe, you be—blast ed!"

"For eight days gales and squalls and waterspouts beat us from our course. Five days only should have landed us in Esperando. Our Jonah swallowed the bad credit of it with appealing frankness, but that scarcely lessened the hardships our cause was made to suffer.

"At last one afternoon we steamed into the calm estuary of the little Rio Escondido. Three miles up this we crept, feeling for the shallow channel between the low banks that were crowded to the edge with gigantic trees and riotous vegetation. Then our whistle gave a little toot, and in five minutes we heard a shout, and Carlos—my brave Carlos Quintana—crashed through the tangled vines waving his cap madly for joy.

"A hundred yards away was his camp, where 300 chosen patriots of Esperando were awaiting our coming. For a month Carlos had been drilling them there in the tactics of war and filling them with the spirit of revolution and liberty.

"My captain—compadre mio!" shouted Carlos, while yet my boat was being lowered. "You should see them in the drill by companies—in the column wheel—in the march by four—they are

# The Associated Farmers, Ltd.

Everything in the building line can be found here --- Lumber, Lime, Glass, Paints and Oils, etc.

- Coal from \$7.50 to \$9.00 per ton.
- A-1 Blacksmith Coal, in sacks, \$2.75.
- Paints at \$5.00 per gallon.
- Apples at \$2.75 per box.
- Glass put in on short notice.
- A-1 Upland Hay at \$20.00 per ton.

We make every effort to satisfy our customers both in quantity and prices of our goods. Thanking you all for your past patronage and wishing your future business, with Compliments of the Season.

R. W. Miller - Manager

superb! Also in the manual of aims—but, alas, performed only with sticks of bamboo. The guns, captain—say that you have brought the guns!"

"A thousand good rifles, Carlos," I called to him. "And two Gatlings."

"Valgame Dios!" he cried, throwing his cap in the air. "We shall sweep the world!"

"At that moment Kearny tumbled from the steamer's side into the river. He could not swim, so the crew threw him a rope and drew him back aboard. I caught his eye and his look of pathetic but still bright and undaunted consciousness of his guilty luck. I told myself that, although he might be a man to shun, he was also one to be admired.

"I gave orders to the sailing master that the arms, ammunition and provisions were to be landed at once. That was easy in the steamer's boats, except for the two Gatling guns. For their transportation ashore we carried a stout flatboat.

"In the meantime I walked with Carlos to the camp and made the soldiers a little speech in Spanish, which they received with enthusiasm, and then I had some wine and a cigarette in Carlos' tent.

"The small arms and provisions were already ashore, and the petty officers had squads of men conveying them to camp. One Gatling had been safely landed. The other was just being hoisted over the side of the vessel as we arrived. I noticed Kearny darting about on board, seeming to have the ambition of ten men and to be doing the work of five. I think his zeal bubbled over when he saw Carlos and me. A rope's end was swinging loose from some part of the tackle. Kearny leaped impetuously and caught it. There was a crackle and a hiss and a smoke of scorching hemp, and the Gatling

dropped straight as a plummet through the bottom of the flatboat and buried itself in twenty feet of water and five

feet of river mud.

"I turned my back on the scene. I heard Carlos' loud cries as if from some extreme grief too poignant for words. I heard the complaining murmur of the crew and the maledictions of Torres, the sailing master. I could not bear to look.

"By night some degree of order had been restored in camp. Military rules were not drawn strictly, and the men were grouped about the fires of their several messes, playing games of chance, singing their native songs or discussing with voluble animation the contingencies of our march upon the capital.

"To my tent, which had been pitched for me close to that of my chief lieutenant, came Kearny, indomitable, smiling, bright eyed, bearing no traces of the buffets of his evil star. Rather was his aspect that of a heroic martyr whose tribulations were so high sourced and glorious that he even took a splendor and a prestige from them.

"Well, captain," said he, "I guess

you realize that Bad Luck Kearny is still on deck. It was a shame, now, about that gun. She only needed to be slewed two inches to clear the rail, and that's why I grabbed that rope's end. Who'd have thought that a sailor, even a Sicilian lubber on a banana coaster, would have fastened a line in a bowknot. Don't think I'm trying to dodge the responsibility, captain. It's my luck."

"There are men, Kearny," said I gravely, "who pass through life blaming upon luck and chance the mistakes that result from their own faults and incompetency. I do not say that you are such a man. But if all your misdeeds are traceable to that tiny star the sooner we endow our colleges with chairs of moral astronomy the better."

(continued next week)



## The War - Time Car is the ACCESSORIED CAR

This year and next year motorists will learn as never before to keep their cars in commission at the lowest possible cost by purchasing accessories that will conserve and bring their old cars up to date. Patriotic thrift and shortage of new cars and economy demand this. I have the following to serve you in carrying out the above.

### A STROMBERG CARBURETOR

Used by thousands on land, on the water and in the air; save gasoline by getting 30 p.c. more power.

### YOUR BATTERY RECHARGED

—or rebuilt, the work done promptly at moderate prices.

We can give you a coil for any make of car.

## W. A. TESKEY

### OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING

Eliminate the necessity of worrying over broken parts. I have installed at my garage in TRAVERS an Oxy-Acetylene Welding Plant. Jobs none too big nor too small. All work guaranteed.

### CYLINDERS RE-BORED

Get your cylinder bloc re-bored. — Let me overhaul your car, your car is then as good as new. I guarantee my work.

### WHEN IT COMES TO TIRES

—I have a tire with a real guarantee—the Diamond Squeegee.

Agent for  
CANADIAN FAIRBANKS - MORSE CO.

### MRS. ROBT. F. BELL DIES AT WINNIPEG

Mrs. Agnes Bell, wife of Robert F. Bell of Lomond, Alta., died on Friday, December 20th., at the home daughter, Mrs. H. Clark, 465 William Avenue, Winnipeg.

Deceased was sixty years of age and was an old time resident of Winnipeg, coming there in 1875, but for the past fifteen years had made her home in Alberta, where her husband and sons have large farming interests. She leaves, beside her husband, to mourn her loss three sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Cpl. G. W. Bell, returned home on Wednesday last from the war zone, where he has been on active service since 1915. Another son, James, returned from the front a year ago, having been gassed and wounded, after winning the M.M. for killing a German machine gun crew and capturing the gun, single-handed.

The funeral took place Sunday afternoon to Elmwood cemetery.

### CARD OF THANKS

I desire to thank all who subscribed towards the donation given me toward rebuilding my barns, which were destroyed by fire on Nov. 14th.

—CARL OLSON.

Ten months of the 'flu epidemic has taken more lives than did the four and a half years of war.

## VulcanStage

Running daily from Lomond to Vulcan and return, and continuing the trip to Travers.

IRA DONILY

## Fraser Coal Mine

Half a mile west of the old Stafford mine. Best coal in the district. Always on hand, no waiting. \$5.00 per ton.

## WHY DOES THE PUBLIC PREFER ADVERTISED GOODS ?

It is an established fact----so it must pay to advertise !

## STANFIELD'S UNDERWEAR

We always recommend "STANFIELD'S UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR." We like to sell it for the same reason that you like to buy it---because Stanfield's gives every satisfaction. When a customer selects Stanfield's on our recommendation, we know that we have made a permanent patron for our Underwear Department.

Let us show you the winter weights in the new styles for Men, Women and Children.

We have also a full range of Men's Overcoats, Fur Coats, Mackinaws, Suits, Sweaters, Caps, Lined Gloves and Mitts, etc.

OVERSHOES for Men, Women and Children.

## XMAS GROCERIES

Currants, Raisins, Peels, Nuts, Spices, Fruits, Etc.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR BUTTER  
AND EGGS.

## Elliott, Argue & Co.